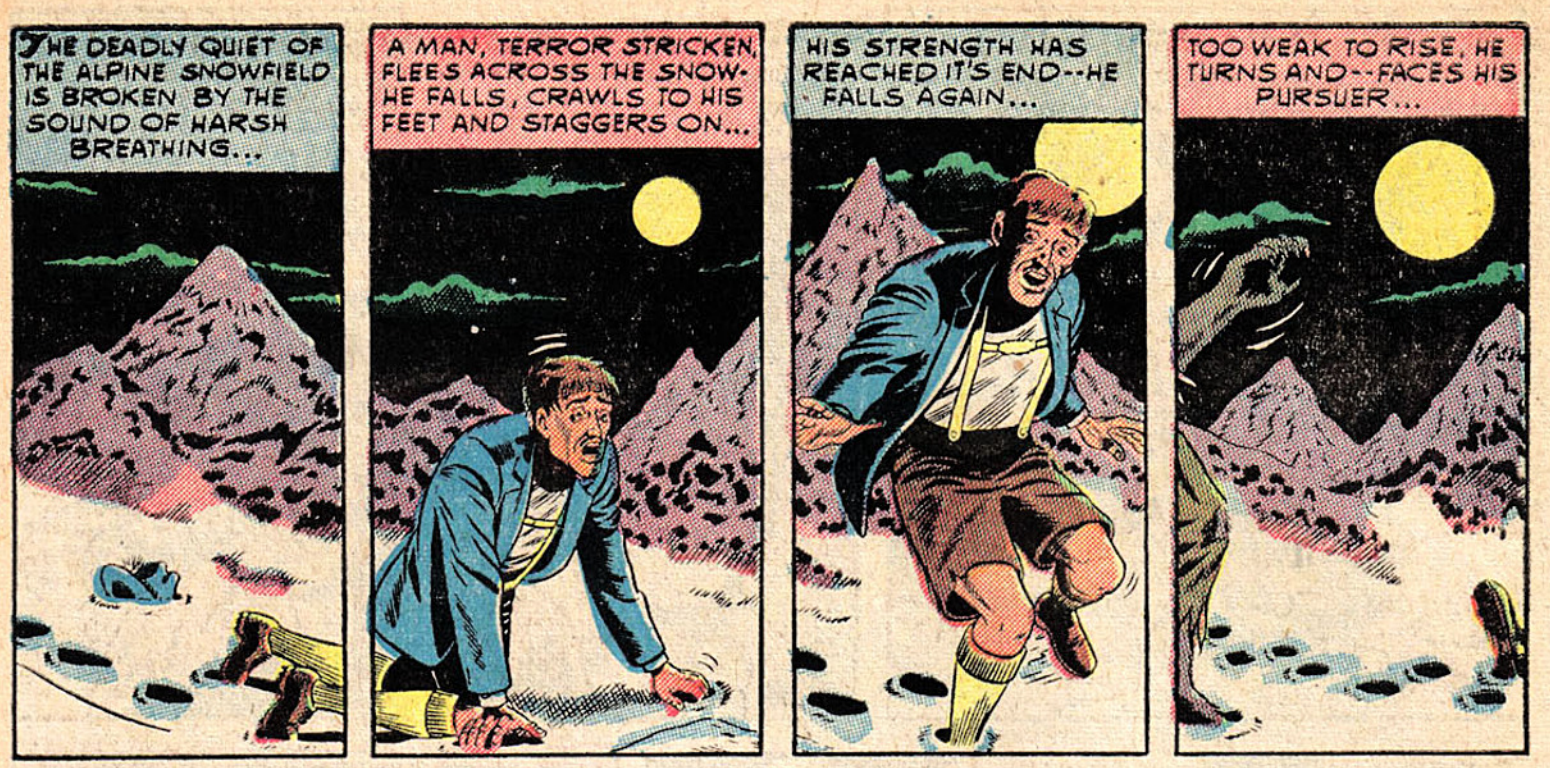
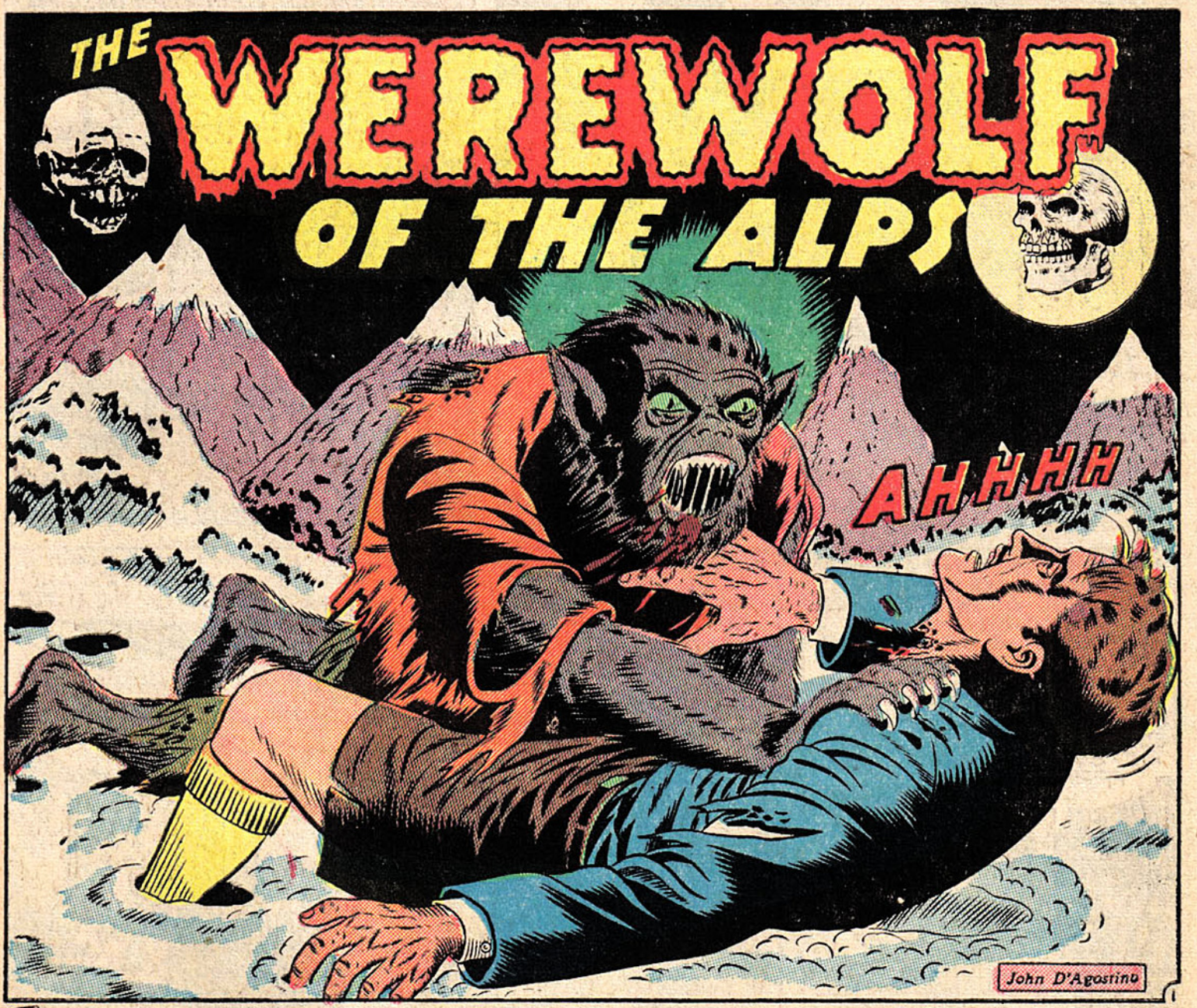
COVER TO COVER READ
HORROR FROM THE TOMB
#1
SL Tonight — Full Narrated Pre-Code Comic

HORROR FROM THE TOMB!
A PREMIER PM COMIC
K SEPT.
HORROR FROM THE TOMB
10¢
FEATURING
THE KEEPER OF THE GRAVEYARD
AT LAST, IT'S SAFE TO DIG UP THE MONEY WE BURIED WITH HIM!
FIVE LONG YEARS WE'VE WAITED! WE'LL BE RICH!
THIS REEKING, SLIMY CORPSE, THIS DEAD THING RISEN FROM HIS DARK GRAVE... WAITING, WAITING... WAS NOT ALWAYS DEAD! HE WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED AND HIS MONEY BURIED WITH HIS CRUSHED BODY! NOW, HIS KILLER RETURNED FOR HIS REWARD, BRINGING WITH HIM THE FAITHLESS WIFE WHO ONCE LOVED THIS DEAD THING! A SUDDEN STRANGE POWER IN THE EARTH FORCED THE DEAD THING TO RISE -- IT CAN'T BE, YOU SAY -- BUT READ... THE CORPSE RETURNS!


THE DEADLY QUIET OF THE ALPINE SNOWFIELD IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF HARSH BREATHING...
A MAN, TERROR STRICKEN, FLEES ACROSS THE SNOW. HE FALLS, CRAWLS TO HIS FEET AND STAGGERS ON...
HIS STRENGTH HAS REACHED IT'S END--HE FALLS AGAIN...
TOO WEAK TO RISE, HE TURNS AND--FACES HIS PURSUER...

THE WEREWOLF OF THE ALPS



THE WIND WHISTLES THROUGH THE JAGGED CRAGS OF THE MOUNTAINS, WHISTLES AND HOWLS LIKE A SOUL IN TORMENT! DEATH COMES EASILY TO MEN WHO VENTURE HERE... A SLIGHT MISSTEP AND ANOTHER BODY HURTLES THROUGH SPACE TO LIE CRUSHED AND BROKEN BELOW! TERROR ENOUGH YOU SAY, BUT THERE IS ANOTHER KIND OF DEATH HERE NOW, THE RIPPING, TEARING FANGS OF THE ***WEREWOLF!*** WITH A MIND-DESTROYING HOWL, THE BEAST MAKES IT'S KILL! ANOTHER MAN HAS DIED A MOST HORRIBLE DEATH...

SATED NOW, THE BEAST RAISES IT'S MUZZLE FROM IT'S KILL AND CROUCHES OVER THE MANGLED CORPSE--A TREMOR RUNS THROUGH IT'S BODY...

...THE SKIN RIPPLES AND CHANGES, THE FUR FALLS BACK AND THE SNOUT GROWS SMALLER! THIS ***THING*** IS NOW HALF MAN, HALF BEAST...

AN INSTANT LATER IT IS A MAN ON THE SURFACE, UNDERNEATH THE BEAST STILL LURKS...AND WAITS...

AAAH--THAT WAS A GOOD CHASE! THIS ONE FOUGHT VERY HARD TO ESCAPE.. I LIKE THAT!

I SEE YOU RECOGNIZE ME NOW--SHOCKED AREN'T YOU... ***FRANZ KLEPP!*** THE BEST GUIDE IN WALDSTEIN IS A ***WEREWOLF!*** I'M TIRED NOW! I MUST GET SOME REST! THERE IS MY HOUSE, THE FURTHEST ONE FROM TOWN...

I AM SAFE AGAIN.. NO ONE HAS SEEN ME!

I DROP EXHAUSTED INTO MY BED, THE FULL MOON.. THE ***WEREWOLF'S*** MOON, SHINE'S ACROSS MY HAGGARD FACE...

A GOOD KILL... BUT I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL, TOO MANY KILLED.. PEOPLE ARE GETTING FRIGHTENED!

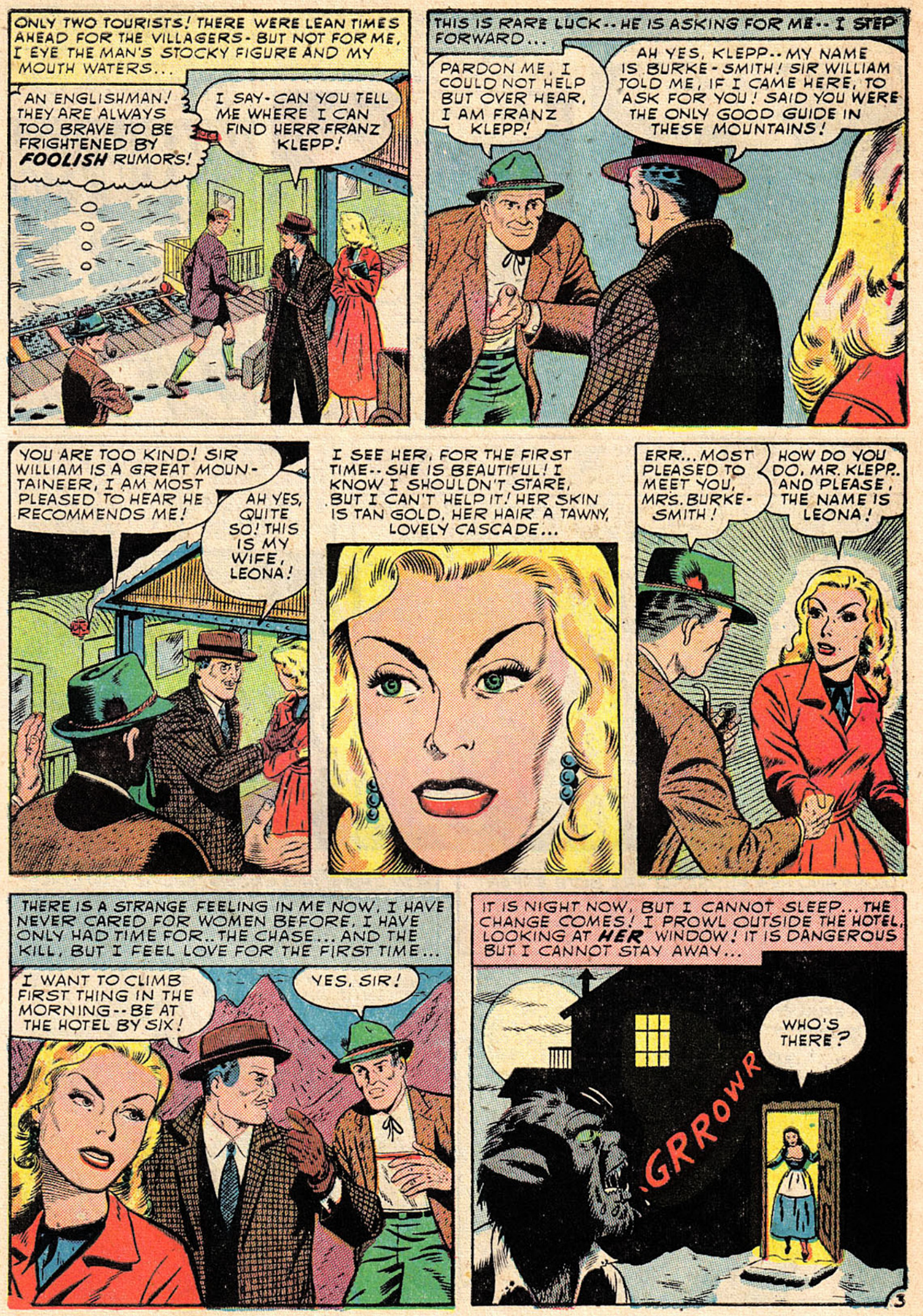
A NIGHT'S SLEEP AND I FEEL WONDERFUL! THE CHEWED BODY IN THE SNOW IS FORGOTTEN! HERR FRANZ KLEPP, LEADING ALPINE GUIDE HAS NO TIME FOR SUCH NONSENSE...

DEE-DUM-DUM! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I MUST GO TO THE STATION AND SEE THE TOURISTS ARRIVE!

THE BIG EVENT IN WALDSTEIN, THE DAILY TRAIN THAT PUFFS IT'S WAY UP FROM THE VALLEY BELOW, BRINGING THE SKIERS AND MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS THAT ARE THE LIFE'S BLOOD OF THE LITTLE VILLAGE...

LOOK! ONLY TWO TOURISTS!

IT'S THOSE MURDEROUS DEATHS.. PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO COME HERE!


ONLY TWO TOURISTS! THERE WERE LEAN TIMES AHEAD FOR THE VILLAGERS - BUT NOT FOR ME, I EYE THE MAN'S STOCKY FIGURE AND MY MOUTH WATERS...
AN ENGLISHMAN! THEY ARE ALWAYS TOO BRAVE TO BE FRIGHTENED BY FOOLISH RUMORS!
I SAY - CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND HERR FRANZ KLEPP!
THIS IS RARE LUCK -- HE IS ASKING FOR ME -- I STEP FORWARD...
PARDON ME, I COULD NOT HELP BUT OVER HEAR, I AM FRANZ KLEPP!
AH YES, KLEPP -- MY NAME IS BURKE - SMITH! SIR WILLIAM TOLD ME, IF I CAME HERE, TO ASK FOR YOU! SAID YOU WERE THE ONLY GOOD GUIDE IN THESE MOUNTAINS!
YOU ARE TOO KIND! SIR WILLIAM IS A GREAT MOUNTAINEER, I AM MOST PLEASED TO HEAR HE RECOMMENDS ME!
AH YES, QUITE SO! THIS IS MY WIFE, LEONA!
I SEE HER, FOR THE FIRST TIME -- SHE IS BEAUTIFUL! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T STARE, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! HER SKIN IS TAN GOLD, HER HAIR A TAWNY, LOVELY CASCADE...
ERR... MOST PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MRS. BURKE - SMITH!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. KLEPP.. AND PLEASE, THE NAME IS LEONA!
THERE IS A STRANGE FEELING IN ME NOW, I HAVE NEVER CARED FOR WOMEN BEFORE, I HAVE ONLY HAD TIME FOR.. THE CHASE... AND THE KILL, BUT I FEEL LOVE FOR THE FIRST TIME...
I WANT TO CLIMB FIRST THING IN THE MORNING -- BE AT THE HOTEL BY SIX!
YES, SIR!
IT IS NIGHT NOW, BUT I CANNOT SLEEP... THE CHANGE COMES! I PROWL OUTSIDE THE HOTEL, LOOKING AT HER WINDOW! IT IS DANGEROUS BUT I CANNOT STAY AWAY...
GRROWR
WHO'S THERE?
3

I AM DISCOVERED! ONE THING CAN SAVE ME -- I LEAP AT THE STARTLED SERVANT GIRL'S THROAT...

OH, NO!

AAARHHH!

MY POWERFUL FANGS SLASH AT THE TENDER, WHITE SKIN -- MY JAW CLAMPS SHUT, CRUSHING THE SCREAM IN HER MANGLED THROAT! HER FLESH IS SWEET...

GRRRR...

I QUICKLY DRAG THE TORN BODY INTO THE DARK WOODS, TO DEVOUR IT IN PEACE! THE SMELL OF BLOOD, HOT IN MY NOSTRILS, MAKES ME FORGET LEONA FOR NOW...

THE NEXT MORNING, I SEE HER AGAIN, THE RISING SUN GLITTERS FROM HER GOLDEN HAIR, AS SHE STRETCHES TO GREET IT -- NOW, I LONG TO KISS THOSE RED LIPS...

HOTEL

WELL KLEPP, SHALL WE LEAVE?

UH -- YES SIR, I MUST TEST THE EQUIPMENT FIRST -- THIS IS A DANGEROUS CLIMB!

A WEREWOLF'S STRENGTH IS THAT OF TEN MEN, IT IS SIMPLE FOR ME TO TWIST THE SAFETY LOOP ON THE ENGLISHMAN'S BELT -- AN EXTRA HARD TUG NOW AND IT WILL BREAK FREE, THIS PIG HAS A SURPRISE IN STORE...

SNAP!

LEONA AND HER HUSBAND ARE BOTH EXPERT CLIMBERS, WE ARE TO SCALE THE TREACHEROUS WEST SLOPE OF THE KLEINFRAU! AN ACCIDENT MAY *EASILY* HAPPEN HERE! WE ROPE TOGETHER AND START THE CLIMB...

THE ICE IS ROTTEN, WATCH YOUR STEP CAREFULLY!

LEAD ON, KLEPP! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!

HOW I HATE THIS GROSS, STUPID MAN! THE URGE TO SINK MY FANGS INTO THE GRISTLE OF HIS FAT NECK IS OVERPOWERING -- MY MOUTH FILLS WITH SALIVA! I MUST FORCE MY THOUGHTS FROM THIS, I HAVE OTHER PLANS IN STORE FOR HIM...

THIS LUMP OF ICE IS ROTTEN, IT WILL FALL AT A TOUCH! I'LL HOLD MY WEIGHT WITH MY HAND AND JUST TOUCH IT WITH MY FOOT...

I REACH A BARE PINNACLE OF ROCK AND LOCK MY ARM ABOUT IT! I WAIT, THE CHILL MOUNTAIN WIND WHISTLES IN EXPECTATION OF DEATH -- LEONA STEPS INTO THE "ROTTEN" HUMMOCK - IT CRUMBLES -- AND THEN...

HELP -- **HELP!** I'M FALLING! **EEEEE!**

BURKE-SMITH EMITS ONE HYSTERICAL SCREAM OF TERROR AS THE LOOP BREAKS! HE FALLS, HIS BODY TUMBLING AND SCRAPING ON THE JAGGED ICE BELOW! LEONA SWINGS IN SPACE, SAFE AT THE END OF THE ROPE...

HOLD ON, LEONA -- I'LL HAVE YOU UP IN A MOMENT!

AAHHH!

SHE SCRATCHES FEEBLY AT THE ICE AS I HAUL HER UP...

GRAB THE EDGE, YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

SHE COLLAPSES AGAINST ME, SOBBING -- I CLASP HER TIGHT, MY FACE AGAINST HER HAIR! I SCARCELY HEAR HER WORDS AT FIRST -- THEN THEY PENETRATE...

YOU MUST... TRY TO REACH HIM... FIND OUT IF HE'S ALIVE...

UH... YES, OF COURSE!

RELUCTANTLY I PULL MYSELF AWAY -- I'M FEELING LOVE FOR THE FIRST TIME, IT IS OVERPOWERING -- I SLIDE OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE...

STAY AWAY FROM THE BRINK, I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

ONCE OUT OF SIGHT, I DESCEND WITH FIERCE SPEED, MY FINGERS CLUTCHING THE ICE LIKE STEEL GRAPPLES! I FIND BURKE-SMITH HAS SURVIVED THE FALL! HIS BODY IS BROKEN BUT HE MANAGES TO MOVE FEEBLY...

H-HELP... ME...

HOW LUCKY, YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

I SEE THE LIGHT OF HOPE FLICKERING IN HIS EYES... THE POOR FOOL THINKS I AM HERE TO SAVE HIM! HOW QUICKLY IT TURNS TO FEAR AS MY SKIN RIPPLES AND CHANGES...

YOU'RE A LITTLE BROKEN, HERR BURKE-SMITH... BUT STILL ALIVE! ALL A **WEREWOLF** WANTS IS RICH **LIVING FLESH!**

OH, **NO! ARGHH!**

THE MOUNTAIN AIR GAVE ME A KEEN APPETITE! I SATED MY BESTIAL HUNGER ON HIS RICH FLESH! BURYING THE TORN AND HALF CONSUMED BODY, I ONCE AGAIN CLIMBED THE ICY SLOPES..
TELL ME.. QUICKLY! IS HE... IS HE...?
I'M AFRAID I BRING YOU BAD NEWS--YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD! IT IS A GREAT TRAGEDY!
TRAGEDY? THIS IS THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD IN YEARS! HOW I LOATHED THAT PIG OF A MAN! I'M FREE! DO YOU UNDER-STAND? FREE!
OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND--HE WAS A WEAK SPECIMEN OF A MAN--NOT FIT FOR A WOMAN LIKE YOU!
SHE CLASPS HER ARMS ABOUT ME WITH JOY AND PRESSES HER LOVELY FACE AGAINST MY CHEST-- I BURY MY FACE IN HER GOLDEN HAIR--NOW, I CAN TELL HER OF MY LOVE..A MAN'S LOVE...
I KISS HER--SHE DOES NOT RESIST, BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH ME! THE CHANGE BEGINS!! MY WEREWOLF HUNGER IS OVER-COMING MY LOVE! I MUST FIGHT IT...PERHAPS IF I EXPLAIN...
THIS IS A STRANGE QUESTION I KNOW... BUT--HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF WEREWOLVES?
WHY, OF COURSE!
THAT LEGEND IS KNOWN AROUND THE WORLD...HUMANS THAT CHANGE INTO ANIMALS! WHY, THERE ARE WERE-LEOPARDS IN INDIA AND WEREBATS IN SOUTH AMERICA! IN MY HOME IN CAPETOWN...
BUT, YOU ARE ENGLISH...
THE CHANGE CONTINUES. I CANNOT STOP IT...
NO, MY HUSBAND WAS BRITISH.. I COME FROM SOUTH AFRICA, AS I'VE SAID, WE HAVE WERE-MONKEYS...
THE CHANGE IS UPON ME...
GRRRR..
...AS WELL AS PEOPLE WHO CAN CHANGE THEM-SELVES INTO...
I AM A WEREWOLF AGAIN...
GRRR
WERELIONS!
RRRR
The END
BUT LEONA IS A WERELION...THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL BEASTS! I TRY TO FIGHT, BUT HER TERRIBLE FANGS SLASH AND TEAR! MY BLOOD RUNS FROM A THOUSAND WOUNDS... I GROW WEAK... WHAT A FITTING END FOR A WEREWOLF-- CONSUMED IN THE SAME MANNER AS HIS VICTIMS... I...DIE...

REVENGE FROM THE GRAVE

Bells . . . bells . . . the sound of them, vibrating and clamorous shakes the old church tower, the sound moves down through the crumbling stones into the earth below. A faraway, distant sound that touches so lightly at my coffin in the graveyard. But I hear it . . . I know what that sound is . . . I have been waiting for it.

With infinite pain I send the command to my leg . . . *move* . . . by force of will I command the rotten flesh, the cold, crumbling flesh that is my body. The bells are calling and I must answer, my corpse stirs in its mouldering tomb. I have waited for those bells, an infinity of time have I lain here in the icy grasp of the grave and waited for those merry wedding bells. *My arm moves* . . . the bare bones rattle on the coffin lid. Those bells, *wedding bells* . . . she's getting married, the daughter of the man I hate. The daughter of the man who killed me! *Revenge!* The very thought gives strength to my tattered limbs, I push against the wood and hear its sudden splintering. My fingers are in the cool soil now, they claw their way upwards . . . they break through the surface. FREE . . . free at last, after these years in the grave I am free to wreak my revenge. On shriveled, dead limbs I stagger towards the big house on the hill; the house that should be mine.

Ten years ago I stood in the darkened library of that house and quietly opened the safe. I had a plan . . . a foolproof plan that should have worked . . . and would have worked except for one accident. Roger Barton was my partner — and a fool! He had no head for business; he was too honest. While I bled the firm dry he talked of 'security' and 'honesty' in business. We made some money, but not enough to satisfy *me*. We could make millions—and he settled for pennies.

It was then that I got the idea for the plan. I made forged certificates of sale, showing that Roger Barton, not I, had been cheating the company. When they were found in his possession he would go to jail for *my* crimes. I would take over the entire company and have the stolen money. A foolproof plan — but one little thing went wrong. I went to Roger's house late one night and slipped in through the terrace window. I had the forged papers, all I had to do was plant them in the safe.

Cursed fate! Roger couldn't sleep that night. He came down the stairs and saw me over the safe. Thinking only that it was a burglar he shot me — killed me there in the library with the forged papers in my hands. With my dying breath I cursed him — cursed him and his daughter. And now the curse is fulfilling its destiny. His daughter is being married today, the church bells ring for her. It is the moment of greatest happiness — I shall make it his moment of greatest horror. I must kill him now, he must die in fear . . . screaming and cursing the way I died.

I push my way through the door to his study . . . he is sitting at the desk . . . a smile on his face. I look at him, I scream a terrible scream that shatters my powdery lungs.

He has escaped me. Roger Barton has won again — he is beyond my reach. He is dead, he sits there smiling, dead of heart failure. Joy has overpowered him at his daughter's marriage, I cannot frighten him to death . . . he has died of HAPPINESS!

IF IT'S A GOOD COMIC, IT'S A PREMIER COMIC! NUTS! the nuttiest humor mag — MASKED RANGER best western adventure — TRUE LOVE CONFESSIONS tops in romance — POLICE AGAINST CRIME great tales of your police crime fighters in action — HORROR FROM THE TOMB tales of the supernatural.

SO YOU WANT TO HEAR A STORY, EH? ONE OF THE TERRIFYING TALES FROM MY CASE BOOK OF EVIL! WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT GHOULS OR VAMPIRES... OR MAYBE ABOUT THE SWAMP MEN WHO... NO--I'LL SAVE THAT STORY FOR LATER, NOW I'LL TELL YOU A QUIET (CHUCKLE-CHUCKLE-CHUCKLE) STORY ABOUT THE ...
ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR
THERE WAS ALWAYS A FULL ENROLLMENT IN PROFESSOR ANDREW BEAMISH'S COURSES AT THE STATE COLLEGE! HE WAS A GOOD TEACHER WITH A KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR, HIS LECTURES WERE NEVER BORING--AND STUDENTS WHO APPLIED THEMSELVES COULD ALWAYS BE SURE OF A GOOD GRADE...
... THE ELECTRON HAS AN AFFINITY FOR THE PROTON, AN ATTRACTION, YOU MIGHT SAY, THAT GIRLS HAVE FOR BOYS!
THE MALE STUDENTS ALL LIKED THE PROFESSOR'S JOKES--BUT THE GIRLS WERE ATTRACTED FOR DIFFERENT REASONS! THEY WEREN'T INTERESTED IN HIS COURSE... BUT IN HIM...
ISN'T HE JUST THRILLING! HIS VOICE MAKES ME JUST SHAKE INSIDE WHEN I HEAR IT!
HE'S THE ONLY REAL MAN ON THE CAMPUS! SO MUCH MORE MASCULINE THAN THESE BOYS!
FEELING TOO WARM? LIKE TO HAVE THOSE COLD FINGERS OF FEAR CRAWL UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE? THEN COME WITH US TO THE TOMB AND HEAR... THE GRAVEDIGGER'S TALE

ONLY ONE GIRL SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE TO THE PROFESSOR'S CHARMS -- JANICE LLOYD...

THESE GIRLS MAKE ME **SICK** THE WAY THEY SWOON OVER PROFESSOR BEAMISH! IT'S SO UNFAIR! HE'S A WONDERFUL TEACHER... THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING **HANDSOME!**

AND PERHAPS JANICE WASN'T AS IMMUNE AS SHE LIKED TO BELIEVE, SHE FOUND HERSELF BREATHING A LITTLE FASTER WHENEVER HE CAME NEAR...

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GALVINOMETER AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR, I UNDERSTAND NOW!

ABSORBED IN THE EXPERIMENT, PROFESSOR BEAMISH STEPS BACK...

HAVE YOU CHECKED THESE TERMINALS...

OHH, PROFESSOR, YOUR ARM... **WATCH OUT!**

JANICE HELD HIS ARM AN INSTANT LONGER THAN WAS NECESSARY... AN INSTANT THEY BOTH SEEMED TO ENJOY...

THANK YOU... MISS LLOYD, IT'S A BAD HABIT OF MINE! I'M RATHER ABSENT MINDED! FOREVER GETTING INTO THINGS WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

YOU'VE RIPPED YOUR SLEEVE -- A SECOND MORE AND IT WOULD HAVE GOT YOUR ARM!

I... I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY THE OTHER GIRLS ARE SO WILD ABOUT HIM! HE'S SO MATURE -- EVEN A LITTLE ABSENT-MINDED! HE MAKES THE MALE STUDENTS LOOK LIKE CHILDREN!

LATER..

GOOD EVENING, MISS... ER LLOYD, I SEE WE'RE BOTH GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I WALK ALONG WITH YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, PROFESSOR, I THINK IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL!

JANICE COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE IT, THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO TAUGHT A HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS EVERY DAY, SEEMED INTERESTED IN HER...

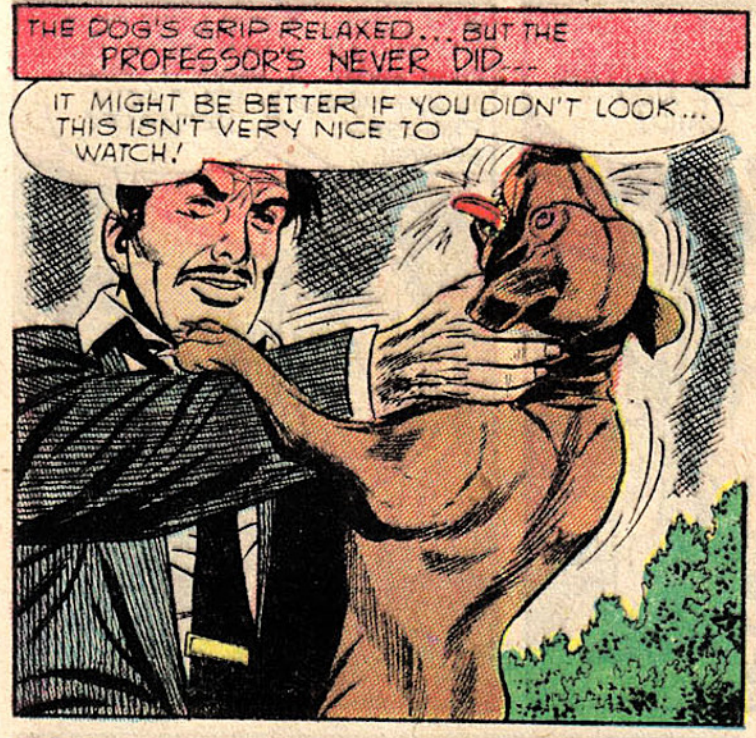
I'VE ADMIRED YOUR LABRATORY WORK VERY MUCH, YOU SHOW A GRASP OF PHYSICS PRINCIPLES BEYOND THE AVERAGE STUDENT!

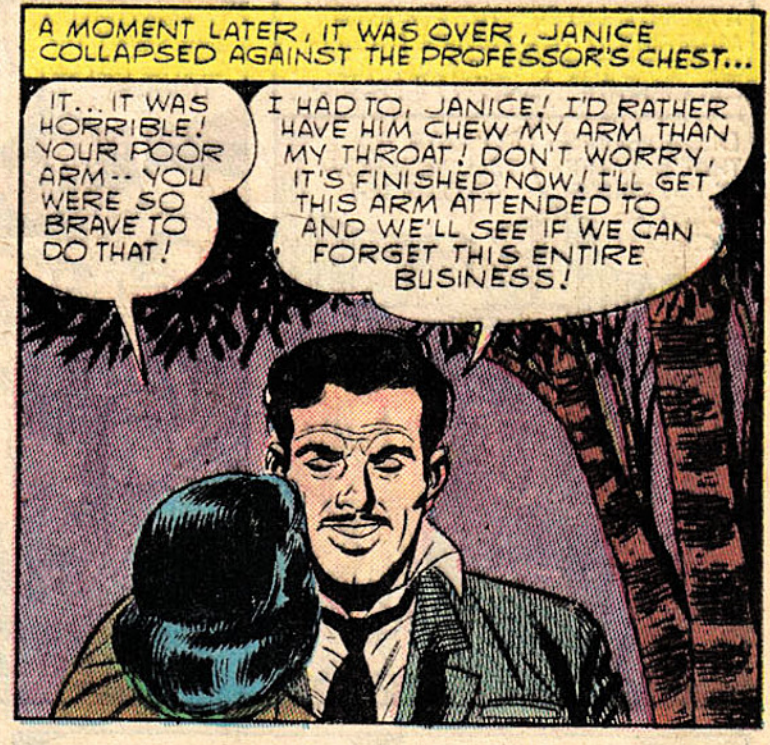
THE CREDIT BELONGS TO YOU, PROFESSOR! YOU TEACH SCIENCE AS IF IT WERE FUN!

THEIR QUIET WALK WAS HORRIBLY INTERRUPTED--A MAD DOG... IT SPRANG AT THEM...
OH, NO... HELP! HELP!
STAND BACK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
GRRRRRR!

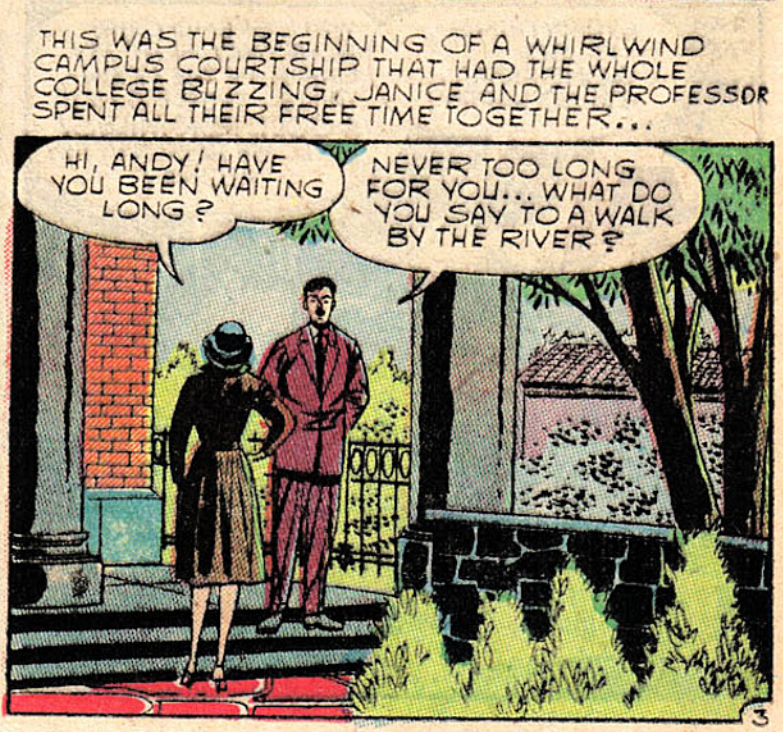
JANICE SAW THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS A MAN OF ACTION AS WELL AS A MAN OF LETTERS... HE CAREFULLY REACHED FOR THE BEAST'S THROAT...
HE'S GOT YOUR... ARM!
IT'S ALRIGHT, JANICE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM... HE WON'T GET NEAR YOU!

SLOWLY, DELIBERATELY... ALMOST ABSENT-MINDEDLY, THE PROFESSOR SINKS HIS FINGERS INTO THE MAD DOG'S THROAT, HIS JAW CLAMPED, HE IGNORES THE ANIMAL'S TERRIBLE BITE...
GRRR...
IN JUST A ... MINUTE, IT WILL BE ALL OVER...


THE DOG'S GRIP RELAXED... BUT THE PROFESSOR'S NEVER DID...
IT MIGHT BE BETTER IF YOU DIDN'T LOOK... THIS ISN'T VERY NICE TO WATCH!


A MOMENT LATER, IT WAS OVER, JANICE COLLAPSED AGAINST THE PROFESSOR'S CHEST...
IT... IT WAS HORRIBLE! YOUR POOR ARM -- YOU WERE SO BRAVE TO DO THAT!
I HAD TO, JANICE! I'D RATHER HAVE HIM CHEW MY ARM THAN MY THROAT! DON'T WORRY, IT'S FINISHED NOW! I'LL GET THIS ARM ATTENDED TO AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN FORGET THIS ENTIRE BUSINESS!

JANICE WAITED, WORRIED, WHILE THE DOCTOR ATTENDED TO THE ARM...
PROFESSOR, IS... HOW IS THE ARM?
THE ARM IS FINE -- AND MY NAME IS ANDREW! IF WE'RE GOING OUT TO DINNER, I CAN'T HAVE YOU CALLING ME ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR ALL NIGHT!

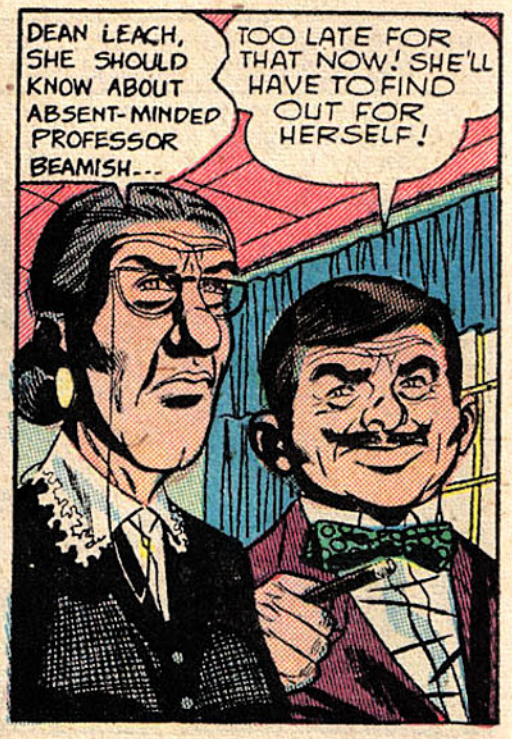

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF A WHIRLWIND CAMPUS COURTSHIP THAT HAD THE WHOLE COLLEGE BUZZING, JANICE AND THE PROFESSOR SPENT ALL THEIR FREE TIME TOGETHER...
HI, ANDY! HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING LONG?
NEVER TOO LONG FOR YOU... WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A WALK BY THE RIVER?

THEY WERE NO LONGER STUDENT AND TEACHER... THEY WERE NOW-- MAN AND WOMAN! THE MOON WAS FULL AND THE NIGHT AIR WAS WARM...

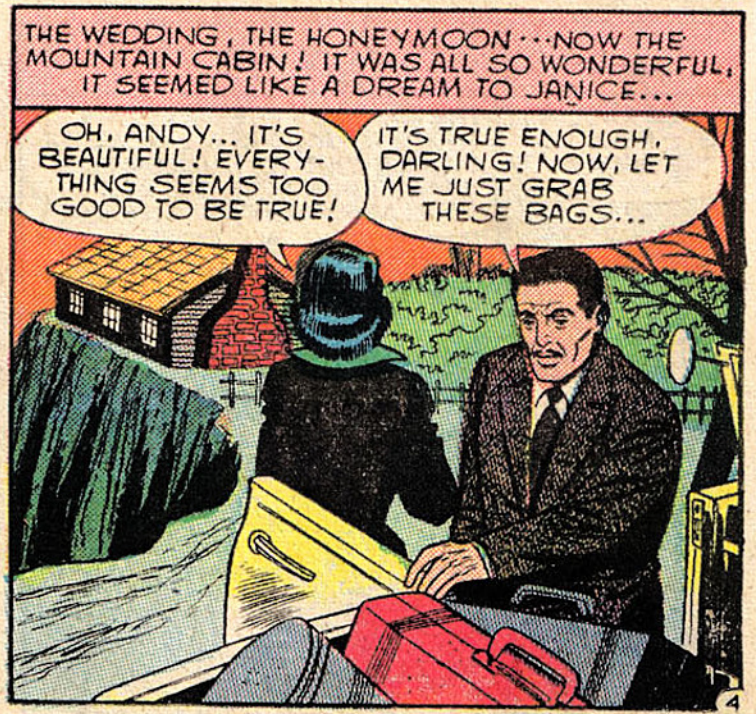
JANICE... MY JANICE... I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU SHOULD BE IN LOVE WITH AN OLD MAN, BUT SINCE YOU ARE, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED GETTING... MARRIED?
OLD MAN INDEED! LET'S NOT HEAR ANOTHER WORD OF THAT! AND WHY WERE YOU SO LONG ABOUT ASKING? OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU!

A MONTH LATER, THEY WERE MARRIED! THE ENTIRE FACULTY CAME TO THE WEDDING, TO CELEBRATE...AND TO GOSSIP...
DISGUSTING, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! SHE'S JUST A CHILD!
I'D HATE TO TELL YOU HOW OLD HE IS!

I REMEMBER THE YEAR HE CAME HERE, IT WAS...
HUSH, EMERY! SOME THINGS ARE BETTER OFF NOT SAID!

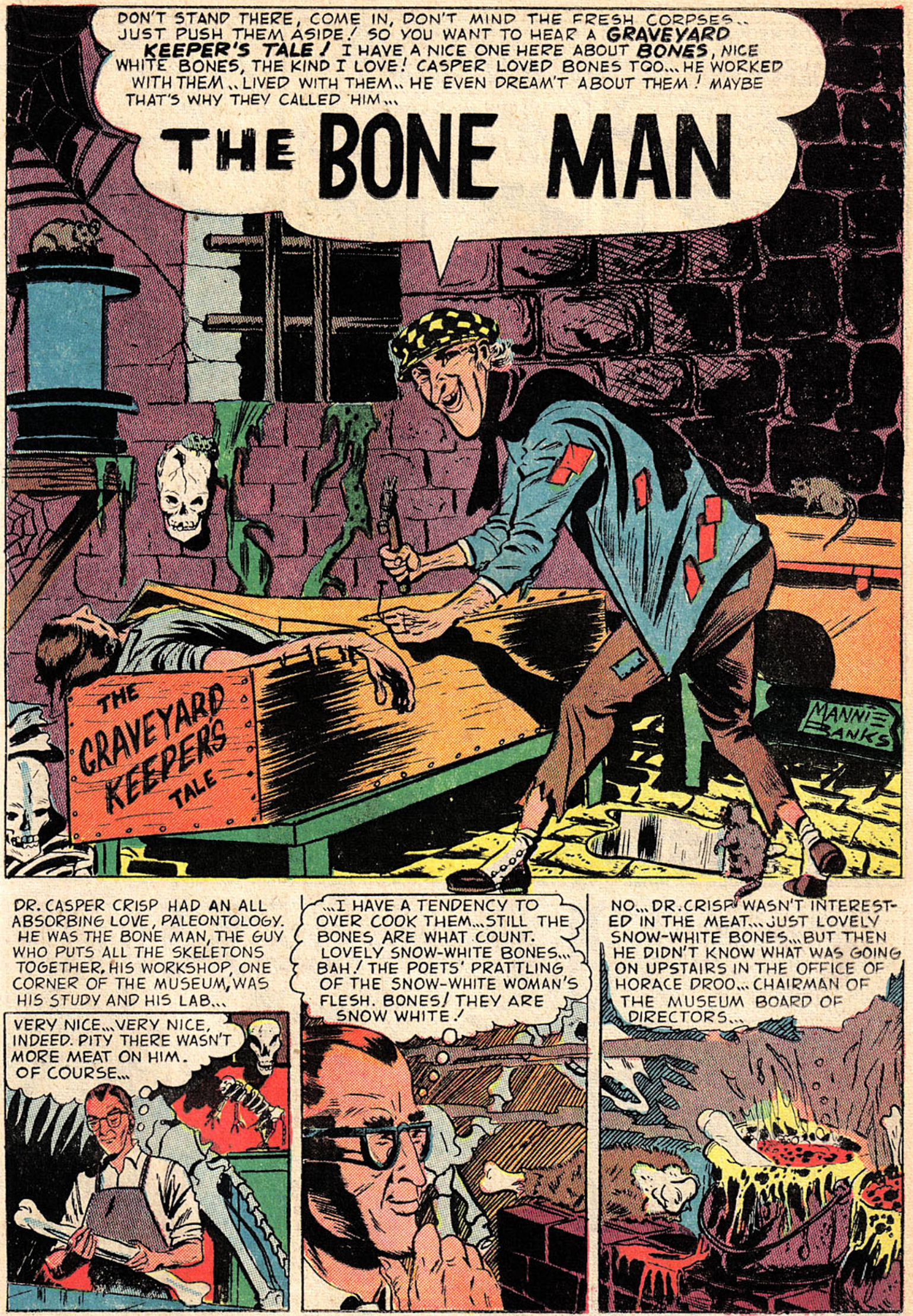

DEAN LEACH, SHE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR BEAMISH...
TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW! SHE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT FOR HERSELF!

EVERYTHING IS SO WONDERFUL... I'M SO HAPPY!
WE'LL SPEND OUR HONEYMOON AT MY CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS. THERE'S NOT A SOUL FOR MILES! WE'LL BE ABSOLUTELY ALONE!
AFTER THE WEDDING---


THE WEDDING, THE HONEYMOON···NOW THE MOUNTAIN CABIN! IT WAS ALL SO WONDERFUL, IT SEEMED LIKE A DREAM TO JANICE...
OH, ANDY... IT'S BEAUTIFUL! EVERYTHING SEEMS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
IT'S TRUE ENOUGH, DARLING! NOW, LET ME JUST GRAB THESE BAGS...

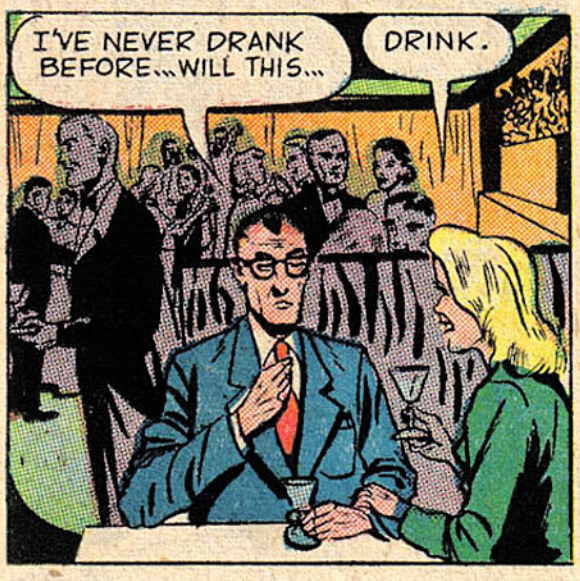
HOW EASILY A DREAM CAN TURN INTO A NIGHTMARE... A STRONG GUST OF WIND...
ANDY, THE DOOR IS BLOWING SHUT-- LOOK OUT!! YOUR HAND!
SWISSHHH
EEEE!
WHAT...? OH, THE DOOR, HOW ABSENT-MINDED OF ME TO LEAVE MY FINGERS IN THE DOOR!
KRRUNCH!
OH, PLEASE, LET ME SEE, I WANT TO HELP! YOU MAY BE BLEEDING BADLY!
ERR, AH... I DON'T THINK SO... YOU SEE, THERE IS SOMETHING I HAVEN'T TOLD YOU! I HAD A LABRATORY ACCIDENT WITH THAT HAND YEARS AGO, A TRANSFORMER BLEW UP!
OHNN!
A VERY BAD ACCIDENT, I HAD TO HAVE THE HAND AMPUTATED! I DESIGNED AN ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED MECHANICAL HAND TO TAKE IT'S PLACE! I WAS ASHAMED TO TELL YOU--DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD LOVE A ONE HANDED MAN!
MY POOR, ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR! OF COURSE I DON'T MIND! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, NO MATTER WHAT! IT WAS JUST THE SHOCK OF SEEING YOUR FINGERS CRUSHED LIKE THAT!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY HAND, A FEW MINUTES IN MY WORKSHOP, AND IT'LL BE GOOD AS NEW!
JANICE TRIED TO FORGET HER SHOCK OVER THE ACCIDENT, A HONEYMOON IS MEANT FOR HAPPINESS...
I REALLY AM HAPPY, I'M NOT GOING TO LET A LITTLE ACCIDENT SPOIL IT ALL!
YOU'RE RIGHT, DEAREST, ACCIDENTS HAVE A WAY OF JUST HAPPENING--I KNOW, I SEEM TO HAVE HAD MORE THAN MY SHARE!
THE FACT IS... I HAVEN'T BEEN EXACTLY, COMPLETELY FRANK WITH YOU ABOUT THE ACCIDENT WHERE I LOST MY HAND! IT WAS A BIG EXPLOSION, YOU SEE... PIECES OF METAL FLYING AROUND AND ALL THAT...
ANDREW, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY?
5

PIECES OF METAL HIT MY ANKLE, JUST ABOUT TOOK IT OFF! I MADE THIS FOOT--YOU CAN'T REALLY TELL IT FROM THE ORIGINAL!
DID... DID ANYTHING ELSE HAPPEN THEN--TELL ME!
WELL, NO, NOTHING HAPPENED THEN! BUT ABOUT A YEAR LATER, YOU KNOW, I REALLY AM ABSENT MINDED, I FORGOT A CARBON-ARC WAS ON! TURNED AROUND TOO FAST AND LOST THIS EYE--BUT THIS GLASS EYE IS JUST AS GOOD AS REAL!
NO... NO...
VERY HOT FLAME HIT THIS SIDE OF MY FACE, BURNED MY HAIR AND SCALP OFF IN A INSTANT! THIS EAR IS QUITE A GOOD JOB, DON'T YOU THINK? I WASN'T OUT OF THE HOSPITAL A WEEK WHEN A POWER RACK COLLAPSED...
...IT LANDED RIGHT ON MY OTHER ARM--ONE OF THE METERS POPPED OUT AND LANDED ON MY JAW, LOOKED LIKE ALL MY TEETH WERE ROLLING AROUND ON THE FLOOR LIKE MARBLES!
NO... NO... NO!!
BLINDED BY HORROR, JANICE STAGGERED BACKWARDS, FORGETTING ABOUT THE WINDOW THAT OPENED ONTO THE CLIFF...
THEY WANTED TO JUST REPLACE THE MISSING TEETH, BUT I SAID WHY ONLY HALF A JOB, I CAN EASILY MAKE A JAW...
STOP! STOP! AAAIEEEEE!
THE WINDOW FRAME GAVE AND THE TERROR STRIKEN BRIDE PLUNGED TOWARDS THE VALLEY FLOOR...
IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHAT YOU LOSE, WITH A LITTLE IMAGINATION YOU CAN EASILY MAKE A PART THAT WILL DO JUST AS WELL, DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, DEAR?
EEEEEE!
JANICE LAY CRUSHED AND DEAD IN THE VALLEY BELOW, WHILE THE REVOLTING LUMP OF SCARRED FLESH THAT WAS THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR BEAMISH, SAT ALONE IN THE HONEYMOON CABIN...
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING? OH DEAR, WHERE DID I PUT THAT EAR... I CAN'T SEE IT! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN BOTH MY EYES OUT AT THE SAME TIME, THAT ALWAYS CAUSES ME SO MUCH TROUBLE!
HEH, HEH, LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD PROFESSOR WENT TO PIECES! THAT POOR GIRL, JANICE, IS BURIED RIGHT HERE IN MY CEMETARY! THE PROFESSOR IS STILL AROUND YET. ALL WE'VE BURIED OF HIM ARE A FEW CHUNKS--BUT I'LL GET THE REST OF HIM ONE OF THESE DAYS--THEY ALWAYS COME HERE IN THE END... HEH! HEH!
The END

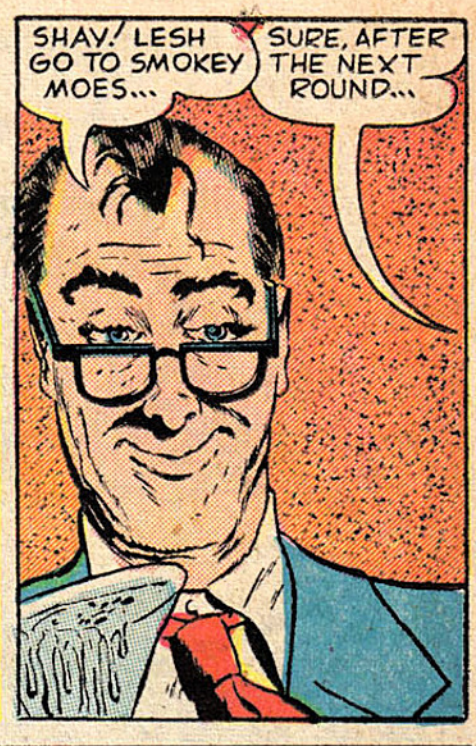

DON'T STAND THERE, COME IN, DON'T MIND THE FRESH CORPSES.. JUST PUSH THEM ASIDE! SO YOU WANT TO HEAR A GRAVEYARD KEEPER'S TALE! I HAVE A NICE ONE HERE ABOUT BONES, NICE WHITE BONES, THE KIND I LOVE! CASPER LOVED BONES TOO... HE WORKED WITH THEM.. LIVED WITH THEM.. HE EVEN DREAM'T ABOUT THEM! MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED HIM...
THE BONE MAN
THE GRAVEYARD KEEPER'S TALE
MANNIE BANKS
DR. CASPER CRISP HAD AN ALL ABSORBING LOVE, PALEONTOLOGY. HE WAS THE BONE MAN, THE GUY WHO PUTS ALL THE SKELETONS TOGETHER. HIS WORKSHOP, ONE CORNER OF THE MUSEUM, WAS HIS STUDY AND HIS LAB...
VERY NICE... VERY NICE, INDEED. PITY THERE WASN'T MORE MEAT ON HIM. OF COURSE...
...I HAVE A TENDENCY TO OVER COOK THEM... STILL THE BONES ARE WHAT COUNT. LOVELY SNOW-WHITE BONES... BAH! THE POETS' PRATTLING OF THE SNOW-WHITE WOMAN'S FLESH. BONES! THEY ARE SNOW WHITE!
NO... DR. CRISP WASN'T INTERESTED IN THE MEAT... JUST LOVELY SNOW-WHITE BONES... BUT THEN HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON UPSTAIRS IN THE OFFICE OF HORACE DROO... CHAIRMAN OF THE MUSEUM BOARD OF DIRECTORS...

THIS FAT, LOATHSOME SPECIMEN OF HUMANITY HAS AN AXE TO GRIND... AND HE'S GOING TO GRIND IT ON CRISP'S BONES...
YOU WANT TO HELP YOUR DADDY, DON'T YOU, HONEY? YOU WANT TO DO HIM A BIG, BIG FAVOR?
WELL...
A FERAL GRIN PLAYED ACROSS HIS FEATURES, HIS FINGERS TWINED LIKE FAT, WHITE WORMS... HE STRUCK A BARGAIN...
OKAY! THE MINK COAT'S YOURS IF YOU DO THIS LITTLE FAVOR FOR PAPA!
AND THE CONVERTIBLE, DON'T FORGET THAT!
CRISP IS THE ONLY MAN THAT STANDS BETWEEN ME AND THE JOB AS HEAD CURATOR. IF I CAN DISCREDIT HIM THE JOB IS MINE! BESIDES HE AND THOSE DISGUSTING BONES ARE DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!
AND THAT'S WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO, IS IT, FORCE HIM OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. SHOULDN'T BE HARD. THE LITTLE MAN DOESN'T KNOW HIS WAY AROUND.
ALICE PUT THE PLAN INTO ACTION. CRISP WAS USED TO ONLY ANIMALS AROUND BONES, NOT TO ANYTHING LIKE ALICE AROUND BONES, EVERYTHING ABOUT HER WAS VITAL...
THE WORKSHOP IS NOT OPEN TO THE PUBLIC... I MEAN, I BEG YOUR PARDON... UH-HH...
OH, AREN'T YOU CUTE! THEY SAID YOU WERE FUNNY. I THINK YOU'RE CUTE! I MEAN IT! WORKING IN THAT STUFFY OLD PLACE. WELL, WE'RE GOING TO CHANGE THAT RIGHT NOW!
BEFORE HE REALIZED WHAT WAS HAPPENING CRISP HAD A DATE WITH THE FAST-TALKING ALICE...
...AND JUST AS I TOLD DADDY, I SAID, THAT AWFULLY NICE DR. CRISP ALL ALONE WITH THOSE NASTY OLD BONES! POOR MAN I'LL BET HE HASN'T SEEN ANYTHING IN AGES. AND THAT'S WHY WERE GOING...
...FIRST TO THE STAG INN; THEN TO WINDUP, AND MAYBE LATER TO SMOKEY MOE'S, WHERE THERE'S SUPPOSED TO BE VOODOO DANCING. IT'LL BE FUN...

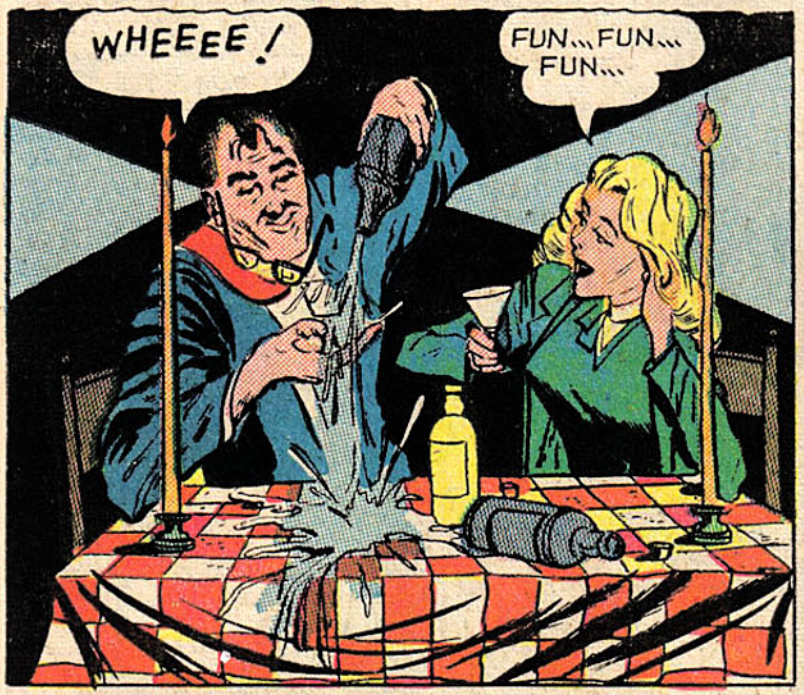
LOVERS IN ALL THE DARK CORNERS... ALICE CLOSE TO HIM... THE HEADY SMELL OF HER PERFUME... THE REDNESS OF HER LIPS... THE INCREDIBLE ALLURE OF HER NEARNESS...

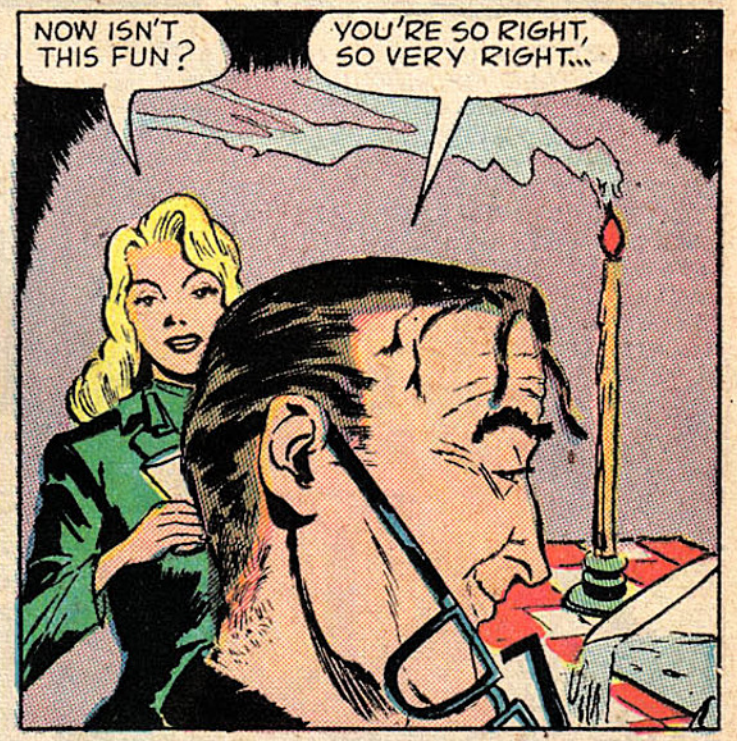


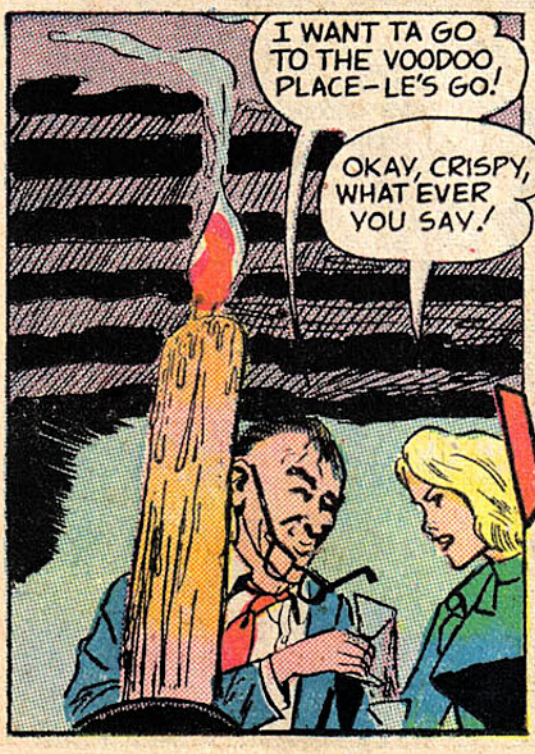
FORGOTTEN WAS THE WORKSHOP WITH ITS COLLECTION OF ANCIENT BONES. THIS WAS REAL, AND NO BONE WAS AS WHITE OR FRAGRANT AS THE FACE OF THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM...

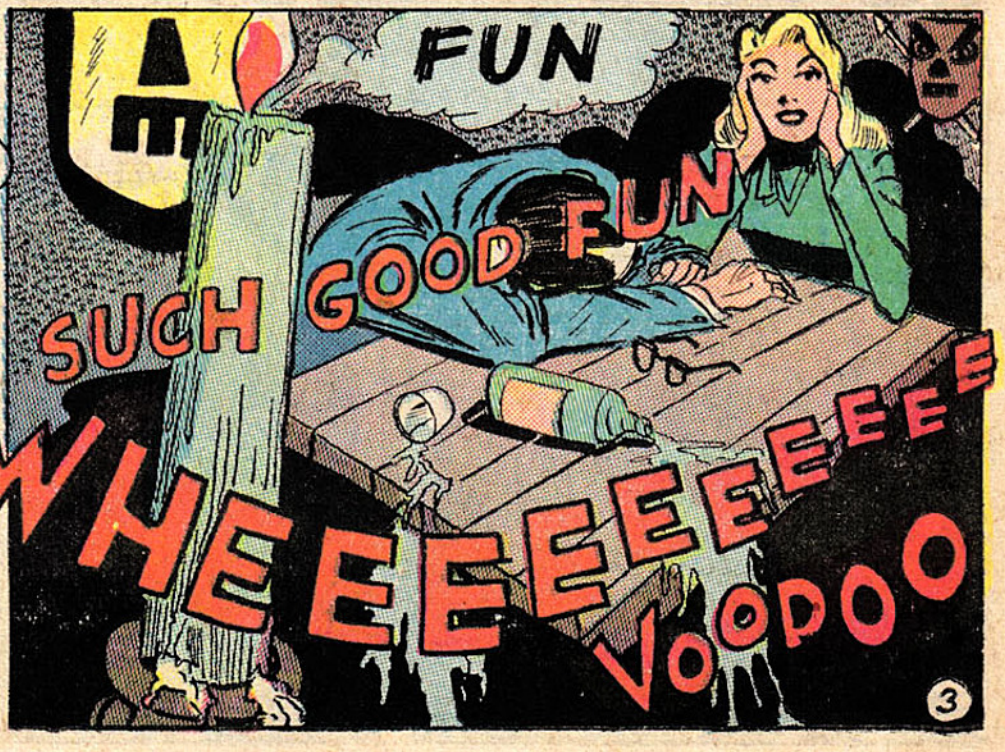


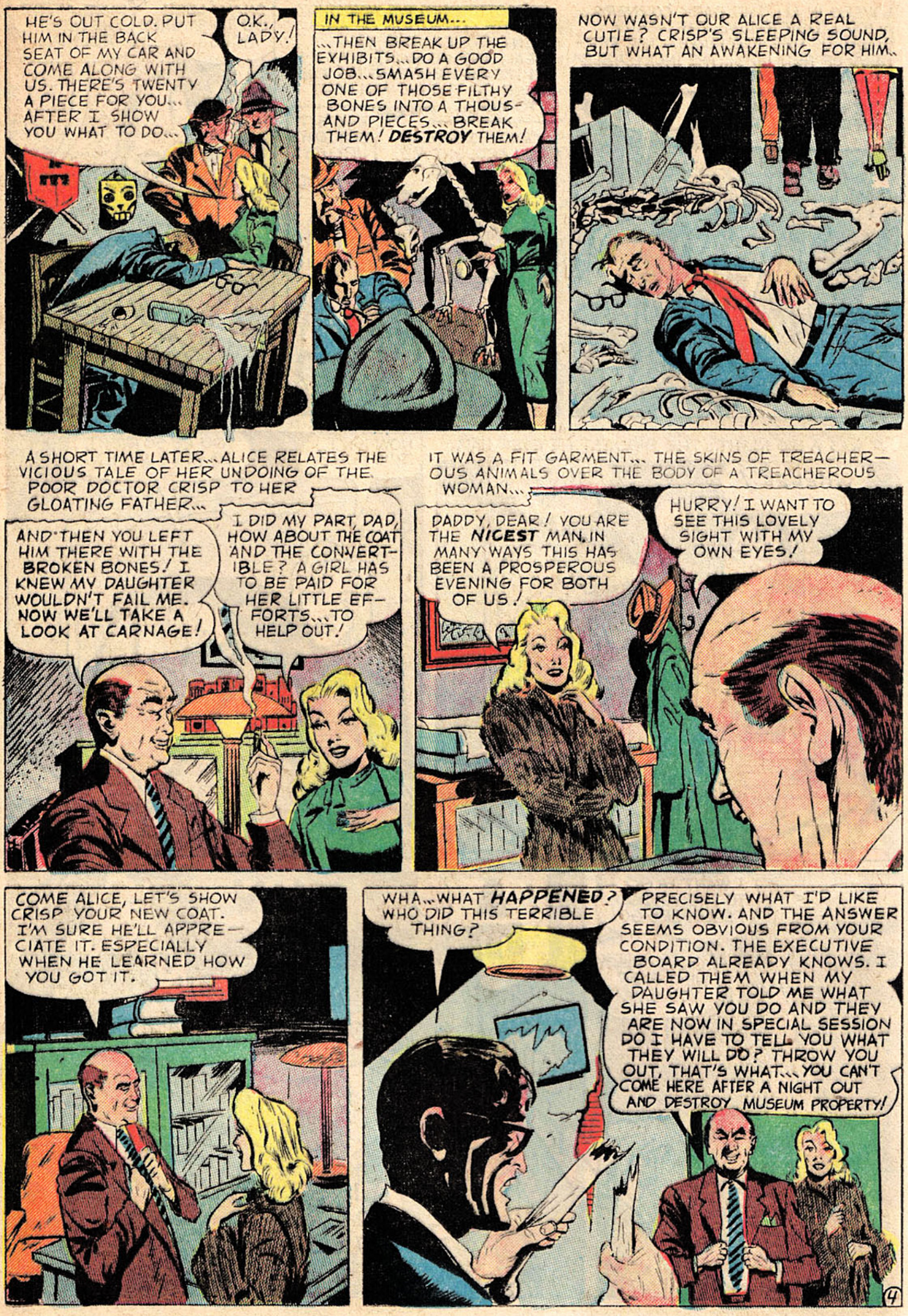
IT WAS A BIG NIGHT... THE BIGGEST HE EVER HAD...










HE'S OUT COLD. PUT HIM IN THE BACK SEAT OF MY CAR AND COME ALONG WITH US. THERE'S TWENTY A PIECE FOR YOU... AFTER I SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO...
O.K., LADY!
IN THE MUSEUM...
...THEN BREAK UP THE EXHIBITS...DO A GOOD JOB...SMASH EVERY ONE OF THOSE FILTHY BONES INTO A THOUSAND PIECES...BREAK THEM! DESTROY THEM!
NOW WASN'T OUR ALICE A REAL CUTIE? CRISP'S SLEEPING SOUND, BUT WHAT AN AWAKENING FOR HIM..
A SHORT TIME LATER...ALICE RELATES THE VICIOUS TALE OF HER UNDOING OF THE POOR DOCTOR CRISP TO HER GLOATING FATHER...
AND THEN YOU LEFT HIM THERE WITH THE BROKEN BONES! I KNEW MY DAUGHTER WOULDN'T FAIL ME. NOW WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT CARNAGE!
I DID MY PART, DAD, HOW ABOUT THE COAT AND THE CONVERTIBLE? A GIRL HAS TO BE PAID FOR HER LITTLE EFFORTS...TO HELP OUT!
IT WAS A FIT GARMENT... THE SKINS OF TREACHEROUS ANIMALS OVER THE BODY OF A TREACHEROUS WOMAN...
DADDY, DEAR! YOU ARE THE NICEST MAN. IN MANY WAYS THIS HAS BEEN A PROSPEROUS EVENING FOR BOTH OF US!
HURRY! I WANT TO SEE THIS LOVELY SIGHT WITH MY OWN EYES!
COME ALICE, LET'S SHOW CRISP YOUR NEW COAT. I'M SURE HE'LL APPRECIATE IT. ESPECIALLY WHEN HE LEARNED HOW YOU GOT IT.
WHA...WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID THIS TERRIBLE THING?
PRECISELY WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW. AND THE ANSWER SEEMS OBVIOUS FROM YOUR CONDITION. THE EXECUTIVE BOARD ALREADY KNOWS. I CALLED THEM WHEN MY DAUGHTER TOLD ME WHAT SHE SAW YOU DO AND THEY ARE NOW IN SPECIAL SESSION DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY WILL DO? THROW YOU OUT, THAT'S WHAT...YOU CAN'T COME HERE AFTER A NIGHT OUT AND DESTROY MUSEUM PROPERTY!
4

NO! I COULDN'T HAVE... I LOVED THESE OLD BONES... I COULD NEVER HURT THEM... NEVER...
THE FULL CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE GIRL'S TREACHERY SNAPPED THE DELICATE THREAD SEPERATING SANITY AND MADNESS AND TRANSFORMED THE GENTLE DOCTOR OF PALEONTOLOGY INTO A RAVING MANIAC...
AAAAGH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER... WHY ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT? NO! NO!
RRRRRGGH
YOU DID IT! YOU DESTROYED MY LOVELY BONES. BOTH OF YOU!
AAARR!
I'LL SHOW YOU... YOU BOTH HATE ME!
THE DOCTOR SEEMS QUITE HAPPY... EXCHANGING NEW BONES FOR OLD... JUST A LITTLE MORE COOKING; DROO
WASN'T AS TENDER AS ALICE'S...
DUM... DUM DE... DE... TRA-LA
5

WE DIDN'T BELIEVE DROO... BUT THE EVIDENCE IS PLAIN, WE NATURALLY RESPECT YOUR YEARS OF SERVICE... BUT YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IT IS... YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE MUSEUM...
HOURS LATER...
ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE MORE OF A BUTCHER THAN A SCHOLAR. ALL THIS COOKING AND BONE-CUTTING. DISGUSTING! I SEE NOW THAT DROO WAS RIGHT ALL THE TIME!
YES, YOU ARE A NASTY MAN, A DISGRACE TO THE MUSEUM. AND WHAT ARE THOSE HEADS YOU'RE COOKING? AAARGH...
UUGGH
YES, THE POTS WILL HOLD THEM NICELY!
MY, MY, BUT THEIR BONES ARE TOUGH... BUT I CAN DO IT... HEH! HEH!
ALMOST DONE... I'LL NEED PLENTY OF WIRE...
HEH! HEH!
The end
BOARD OF DIRECTORS EXTINCT
THE NEXT MORNING...
6

OFF WITH THE HEAD!

That's what the wild Paris crowds would shout when Henri would climb the steps of the guillotine. *Off with the head!* He would turn and shake his great shaggy head at them and his thick lips would ripple back in a smile that exposed his black and broken teeth. A giant of a man, over seven feet tall, his brain was as weak as his back was strong. In only one thing did he excel — his control over Madam Guillotine. He would caress the blood-soaked wood of the deadly machine and croon a love song as he filed a razor edge on the monster blade.

When the tumbril pulled up, carrying its helpless victim, his manner changed. He was the executioner now — cold and grim. As the chant of the mob echoed in his ears he would drag the quivering wretch onto the platform. His filth-encrusted hand would force the victim's neck into the bloody notch, an instant later the blade would strike home and another head would roll into the waiting basket.

When a woman was to be executed, his manner changed. He loved the ladies although they despised him. He would gently pull the long hair back from the quivering neck and, with gentle care, prepare the fainting maiden to meet the blade.

Perhaps it was this weakness that gave Mimi the courage to do what she did. A weak knock on the door of his hovel, one evening, brought the monster Henri to his feet. He shambled forward, a foul oath on his lips, and flung the door wide. He stopped paralyzed — this was a vision from outside his cruel world. He had seen girls like this many times, but always as they were about to die. Here was one in the flesh. Beautiful she was, and her golden hair fell full on her long cloak that covered her graceful figure. Her lips quivered as she spoke, but she had courage.

"My father, Le Comte de Sachri, is in the prison . . . will you help me save him? Here is gold . . . everything I have."

Henri looked for an instant at the gold — then grabbed it. At the same time he reached out and crushed the girl to him. He kissed her with slobbering lips. For an instant she remained before she pulled away.

"I will free him," he said, "but you must return tomorrow with more gold!" Mimi nodded, then fled.

The following evening Henri met her at the door; an awful grin was spread across his features. His hand was behind his back.

"Give me the gold, for I have set him free!"

Trembling, she reached into her reticule and brought out a deerskin bag. "This is all I could get—my friends helped—it is all gold." She handed it to him.

When the helpless Mimi had payed him he brought his hand from behind his back and showed her . . . it was her father's head!

"See, he is free now! What greater freedom is there than death!" His laughter was drowned by her screams as he put his arms about her. He laughed again at her puny strength; how could she dare to resist him.

And then his foot slipped, slipped in Le Comte's blood, as if the old man had reached from the grave to aid his daughter. At the same instant Mimi pushed against him. Off balance he tottered, slipped, and fell into the gutter — just as a coach roared down the narrow street. The horses galloped by and Mimi screamed, a mad insane scream, half laughter.

She, a small girl half his size, had done what thousands longed to do. The monster Henri was no more, a wheel of the coach had taken off his head.

The man who had beheaded thousands had literally lost his head to a woman.

SO BORIC AND HIS BROTHER STROLLED INTO AN OBSCURE PART OF THE PALACE COURTYARD BEYOND SIGHT OF THE GUARDS. BORIC TELLING HIS BROTHER OF THE PLANS HE HAD FOR HIS PEOPLE, AND ALL THE WHILE THE YOUNGER BROTHER FELT THE HATRED RISE IN HIS THROAT CHOKINGLY UNTIL HE COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN HIMSELF... AND THE EVIL DEED WAS BORN IN HIS BRAIN...

AND AGAIN BROTHER, LET ME SAY...WE SHALL RULE TOGETHER, YOU AND I...NOT I ALONE AS KING BORIC...
LOOK! A NEW MOON...'TIS A SIGN...A SIGN OF GOOD PORTENT...

AND IN THAT INSTANT, AS BORIC LOOKED AT THE SIGN, STUBAL DREW HIS BLADE... ALAS, POOR BORIC! HE DID NOT KNOW IT WAS HIS LAST LOOK...

'TIS BETTER THUS, BROTHER MINE. NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...I SHALL RETURN, SHOWING WOUNDS ON MY PERSON, SHOUTING WE WERE SET UPON BY BRIGANDS WHO KIDNAPPED YOU. AND AFTER A WHILE YOU WILL BE FORGOTTEN...AND I SHALL BECOME KING. AND THE FAIR ELREDA SHALL RULE AT MY SIDE. YOU WERE MUCH TOO SOFT FOR HER.

IT IS SAID IN THE ANCIENT BOOKS THAT ALL THE KINGS OF LOBODIA MUST BE BURIED IN THE ANCESTRAL TOMB! IF NOT BURIED THERE, THE KING'S CORPSE WILL BE MOST RESTLESS! THE PROPHECY IS TRUE.. LED BY SOME NAMELESS POWER, THE PALACE HOUNDS DIG UP KING BORIC'S CORPSE..

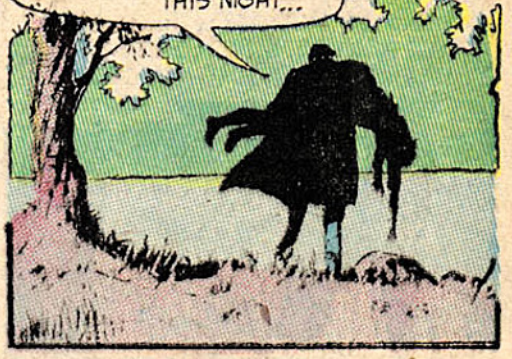
IT WAS AS IF BORIC HAD CALLED FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE TO THE ONLY ONES WHO COULD HELP HIM... AND NOW THEY SAT AND WAITED FOR ANOTHER COMMAND.. THE DUMB BEAST AND DUMB DEAD.. WHILE INSIDE THE CASTLE A MERRY DINNER IS IN PROGRESS...

A PRETTY SIGHT AND A SAD DAY SOON. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST...STRANGE, BORIC'S BODY WAS NEVER FOUND, BUT PERHAPS IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE FOUND...

THE FESTIVITIES ENDED, STUBAL STROLLED ALONE IN THE NIGHT AIR TO CLEAR HIS BRAIN OF THE HEAVY FUMES...BUT WHAT WAS THIS SUDDEN CLAMOR HE HEARD...? HE DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND...

SO THE DEAD WOULD NOT STAY HID...IT WAS LUCKY FOR STUBAL HE WAS THE ONE TO DISCOVER THE BODY...AND NOW HE WAS GOING TO MAKE SURE IT WOULD NEVER BE DISCOVERED...

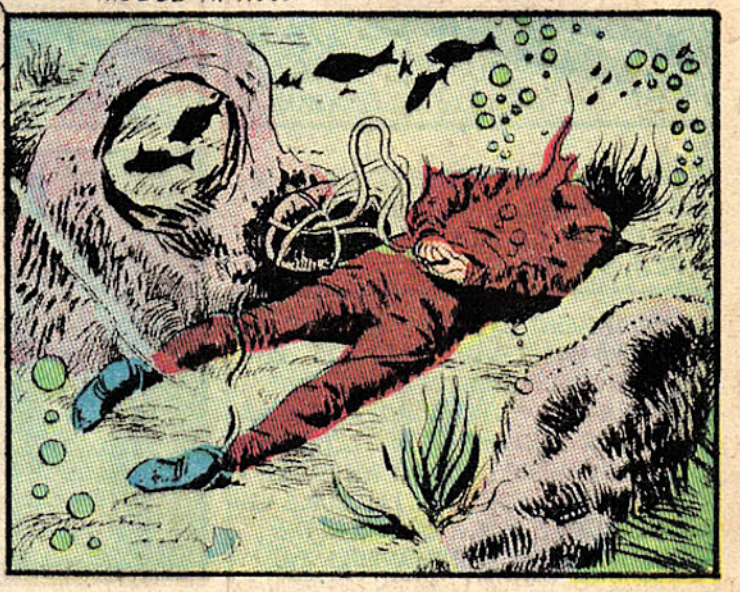
I'LL SEE TO IT YOU'LL STAY HID THIS TIME. IN TEN FEET OF WATER, BROTHER MINE... BOUND WITH GOOD, STRONG ROPE...THE ROYAL CARP IN THE LARGE POND WILL HAVE **ROYAL** FARE TO DINE ON THIS NIGHT...

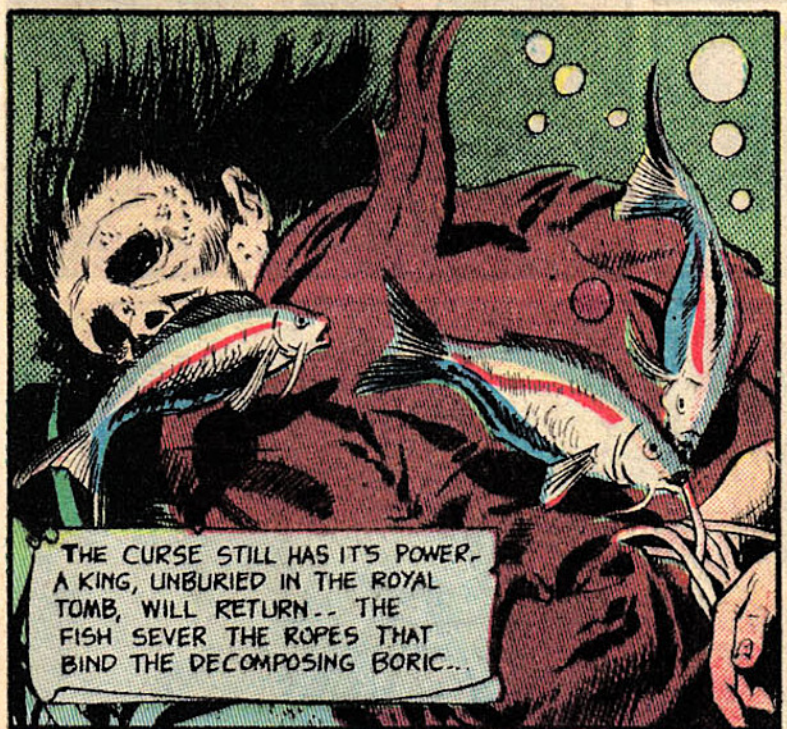


AND NOW A WATERY GRAVE FOR POOR BORIC...BUT STUBAL WAS RIGHT IN HIS THINKING...THE CARP WERE HUNGRY...AND THEY DIDN'T KNOW A DEAD KING FROM A LIVE TROUT...

ENJOY YOUR SWIM...HEE-HEE! IT'S YOUR LAST...BY MORNING THERE WILL ONLY BE BONES...AND ONE MAN'S BONES ARE JUST LIKE ANOTHER'S...

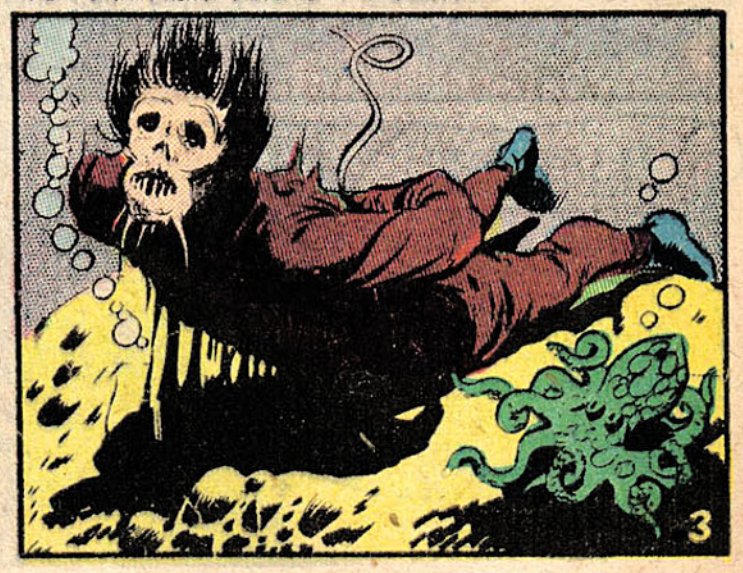
BUT STUBAL DID NOT KNOW THE FISH HAD BEEN FED ONLY A SHORT TIME BEFORE...THEY WERE MERELY CURIOUS ABOUT THE ROPE...AND BEGAN TO NIBBLE AT IT...





THE CURSE STILL HAS IT'S POWER- A KING, UNBURIED IN THE ROYAL TOMB, WILL RETURN... THE FISH SEVER THE ROPES THAT BIND THE DECOMPOSING BORIC...

SO ONCE MORE BORIC WAS FREE...WAS HIS DESTINY TO DOG HIS BROTHER'S STEPS, EVEN FROM THE GRAVE... WAS JUSTICE TO BE DONE...? BUT THE DEAD ARE DEAD, AND CAN DO NOTHING...UNLESS VENGEANCE SHRIEKS IN THEIR BRAIN ALIVE BEYOND THE GRAVE...



GRANDMA GRUESOMES

DEAD TIME STORY

HEE--HEE! COME IN AND JOIN US. THIS SKULL IN MY HAND? JUST AN OLD FRIEND---KING BORIC---KNEW HIM WELL---HEE-HEE! 'TWAS HIS BROTHER MADE HIM UNWELL!--- (JOKE.)--BUT LET MY CHATTERING OLD BONES TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT..
YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD KING DOWN!
THE KING WAS DYING, AND SOON BORIC, THE ELDEST SON WOULD BE THE NEW KING...THERE WOULD BE A MONTH LONG FESTIVAL IN THE LAND OF LOBODIA FOR THE PEOPLE LOVED THE GENTLE, KIND AND STRONG BORIC...
GRUNTIN IS DEAD! THE KING IS DEAD... LONG LIVE THE KING!
THERE WAS NOTHING BUT AFFECTION IN BORIC'S GLANCE, AND LOVE IN HIS HEART FOR HIS BROTHER, STUBAL... FOR BORIC KNEW NO EVIL...
KNOW THIS, BROTHER MINE...TOGETHER WE SHALL RULE LOBODIA... THE RULE OF SUCCESSION LAYS THE CROWN ON MY HEAD, BUT THEE SHALL BE AS MY RIGHT HAND, A BLADE AND A SCALE...
HIS WORDS ARE LIKE MILK & IN A WINE GLASS... BUT I HAVE THAT IN MY BELT TO BRING THE FOAM TO THE DRINK AND DEATH'S GURGLE TO THIS IDIOT'S LIPS...

THE BISHOP HAS COME TO TELL STUBAL, GOOD NEWS...BUT THE EVIL INTERLOPER'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE...IN A POND WHERE HUGE FISH ARE HUNGRY...WHERE A DEAD MAN LIES...STUBAL IS WORRIED...

THE TWO WEEKS OF MOURNING FOR YOUR BROTHER ARE OVER...ON THE MORROW I HAVE PROCLAIMED YOUR CROWNING...YES, YOUR CROWNING AND MARRIAGE TO THE BEAUTIFUL ELREDA...IT WILL BE A GREAT DAY IN LOBODIA...

IT WILL NOT TAKE THE CARP LONG...THEY ARE EVER HUNGRY...THEY EAT TEN DOGS A DAY...NO!...IT WAS A GOOD THOUGHT, THE POND...I AM FOREVER RID OF MY CARRION BROTHER.

PRAY MY LORD...BE THOU ANGRY...? BUT WHY?...THE MORROW BRINGS OUR MARRIAGE AND THY CROWNING...COME SIT AT MY SIDE...

BUT AM I RID OF HIM...? IS HE DESTINED TO DOG MY STEPS...? I MUST **KNOW!** HE MUST **NOT** INTERFERE, NOT **NOW!** THE CROWN AND ELREDA ARE AT MY VERY FINGERTIPS...I MUST MAKE SURE...

YES, STUBAL HAD TO MAKE SURE... HAD TO MAKE SURE THE KING WOULD STAY DEAD SO HE COULD BE KING... BUT EVEN NOW..BORIC RETURNS..

THE DEAD THING FLOATS UP.

HIGHER AND HIGHER...

TO THE SURFACE..

WOULD THIS HAUNTING NEVER CEASE...? BUT NOW STUBAL HAS SOMETHING IN MIND TO END IT...ONCE AND FOR ALL... A DEVIL'S PLAN...

SO YOU THOUGHT TO ESCAPE, BROTHER, MINE?..HA-HA!...I SHALL HELP YOU...REMEMBER OUR PLAYROOM ON THE TOPMOST FLOOR OF THE PALACE? ONLY WE REMEMBER...NO ONE USES IT...THERE IS A TRUNK THERE...YES...IT WILL MAKE A COZY THRONE FOR YOU...I'LL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE IN IT...AND FROM THE DORMER WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE COURTYARD YOU WILL WATCH ME BEING CROWNED AND TAKE ELREDA'S HAND IN MARRIAGE...

YES...BORIC WAS TO HAVE A BOX SEAT...STUBAL WAS GOING TO FORCE HIS BROTHER TO DRAIN THE LAST BITTER DROP...EVEN IN DEATH...

THERE...COMFY...? 'T'WON'T BE LONG NOW! WEAKLING BROTHER...FOOLISH ELDER BROTHER, YOU WERE RIGHT! A SWORD AND A SCALE... THE SWORD IN YOUR THROAT, AND THE SCALE FOUND YOU WANTING...AND THE MORROW BRINGS MY CROWNING...

IN A VERY SHORT WHILE STUBAL WILL BE CROWNED AND MARRIED...NOTHING CAN GO WRONG, NOW... THE POPULACE IS WILD WITH DELIGHT...THEIR CHEERS AND STAMPING LITERALLY MAKE THE PALACE SHAKE... STUBAL IS SURE HE HAS FOILED THE CURSE, BORIC WILL RETURN NO MORE

WE HAVE TO SHOUT AND PUT ON A MERRY FACE TODAY, FOR DOES NOT OUR GOOD KING STUBAL BECOME A KING IN REALITY...? A PITY JUSTICE IS BLIND... 'TIS NOT A KINGLY FACE...

THEY SAY HER DRESS HAS COST STUBAL THIRTY THOUSAND GOLD GUILDERS... DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH EMBROIDERY?

'TIS SAID HE MURDERED HIS BROTHER... AN EVIL DEED AND AN EVIL DAY... BORIC WAS GOOD AND KIND AND LOVED HIS PEOPLE... THIS ARCHVILLAIN HAS NO GOOD IN HIS HEART...

SHE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY... I HAVE HEARD FROM ONE OF THE LADIES-IN-WAITING THAT SHE STILL LOVES BORIC... ISN'T THAT ROMANTIC?

THE PEOPLE DO NOT BELIEVE STUBAL'S STORY ABOUT BORIC'S DISAPPEARENCE...

BUT IT IS TOO LATE NOW... ANOTHER MINUTE AND THE CROWN WILL REST ON THE WRONG HEAD... NOTHING CAN SAVE OUR COUNTRY NOW...

I WONDER WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO MARRY A KING...? I SAY HE'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR HER... AT LEAST HE LOOKS LIKE IT... TOO UGLY ANYWAY... BORIC WAS MUCH HANDSOMER.

BUT WHAT IS THIS...? THE SHOUTING AND STAMPING HAVE LITERALLY SENT ALL THE OBJECTS TO DANCING... THE TRUNK WITH BORIC IS TEETERING ON THE EDGE OF THE WINDOW... HIS DECAYED FLESH SLITHERS FOWARD...

AN UNBURIED KING WILL **ALWAYS** RETURN...

IT SEEMS BORIC, TOO, WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIS BROTHER CROWNED... OR PERHAPS HE WANTS A FRONT SEAT TO SEE JUSTICE DONE... THE REPULSIVE THING THAT WAS ONCE THE GOOD BORIC TUMBLES DOWN... DOWN TOWARD THE CORONATION BELOW...

STUBAL IS ALMOST KING... WITH THE SCEPTER IN HIS HAND AND THE MANTLE ON HIS SHOULDERS, ONLY THE CROWN IS NEEDED TO CLIMAX THE CEREMONY! INTO THIS HAPPY CEREMONY DROPS THE MOST UNWANTED AND UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

THE CORPSE, NOW JUST A MASS OF REEKING FLESH, DROPS ONTO THE THRONE—ON TOP OF STUBAL! ALL UNKNOWING THE NEAR-SIGHTED BISHOP TURNS AND PLACES THE CROWN ON BORIC'S HEAD! STUBAL'S LOFTIEST AMBITION HAS FALLEN—HIS BROTHER IS KING... BUT STUBAL DOES NOT COMPLAIN... EYES BULGING AND MOUTH OPEN, HE IS DEAD OF SHOCK! **BOTH** WILL BE BURIED IN THE ROYAL TOMB!

YOU'LL FIND US IN EVERY ISSUE OF **HORROR FROM THE TOMB,** BRINGING YOU THE MOST GRUESOME TALES EVER SPEWED FORTH! IF AFTER READING THIS MAGAZINE, YOU ARE REDUCED TO A QUIVERING MASS OF SCREAMING JELLY—WHY DON'T YOU WRITE AND TELL US ALL ABOUT IT. PLEASE DON'T WRITE IN BLOOD AS IT GIVES THE OFFICE VAMPIRE TOO MUCH OF AN APPETITE.

HORRIBLY YOURS,

The Graveyard Keeper

Gruesome

P.S. ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: THE EDITOR'S PREMIER MAGAZINE 11 EAST 44 STREET NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

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